

Unplanned

by WackyGoofball

Category: A song of Ice and Fire

Genre: Hurt-Comfort, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Brienne T., Jaime L.

Pairings: Jaime L./Brienne T.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-07 23:04:14

Updated: 2016-04-07 23:04:14

Packaged: 2016-04-27 22:12:29

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,107

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jaime and Brienne have to stay in an inn on their way up North. There is beer. There is talk. There is feels. And more. Yet another oneshot to get through the writer's block.

Unplanned

****Author's Note****: Hello everyone! Thanks for looking into this oneshot!

I don't give a specific setting for this as to why they are on the way up North. It's set within canon, but has no greater implications or so, post!LSH, heading towards Endgame in the North. I took the liberty to simply have them on their own to bypass further complications due to other characters or overall arcs.

I'm no native speaker, I don't have a beta. All mistakes are my precious little suckers. This is not supposed to be some kind of theory about what I think will happen narratively in the following books (except for bangcity, *ahem*), but ugh... just something that ghosted through my mind and begged to be put down in digital pages.

This is written as part of overcoming my writer's block, which keeps me from all of my other stories, the little sucker. It might possibly be that I'll post more oneshots for "therapeutic" reasons to overcome said writer's block, as part of a collection, but that's not out yet.

I hope you'll enjoy ;)

* * *

><p>Neither one had planned on this.<p>

In general, Jaime gave up a while ago to make bigger plans. The past has proven him time and time again that planning too far ahead can destroy even more of the way you want to travel, put even bigger stones in front of you that you have to climb than you usually would if you were to simply walk into an unknown future.

And for someone with just one hand, such a climb is difficult enough a task.

Jaime dared to plan too far a number of times. He did with Cersei and himself, imagined a future far, far away, removed from the realm of this world, where they could be together forever, married, where no one would question, where no one would ask, where it'd be just them.

Only to realize that he had dreamed too far, not only into the future, but too far away from this very world they live in, for it is this world they cannot escape.

That is something he understood by now.

Stealing moments is no concept with a future, or even a present, let alone a past. You may take a moment for yourself, for what you want, but you can't remove that moment from the rest of the world, no matter how detached you may feel, no matter how you forget everything around you—the world is still out that door, beyond that plank of wood. You can't steal a moment — because you don't own it. You don't own time, you just use it.

And even if he used it to take a flight, even if Cersei and he used it as an escape from reality, it was his dream, and maybe hers, too, for a while, that they could steal not just moments, but time itself away, only for themselves, but really, it was just that.

A dream.

A short-lived phantasy.

And the realization that this was what it was all the while made him fall deeper than he ever thought possible. It scorched, deep within, the kind of red, angry heat he's only known from when the arakh came down and cut off the hand soiled in so much blood and shame that he can't even recall every single one anymore.

So now that Jaime was proven that things changed, that he had changed, that she had changed, that they had changed, came apart like a bud you split to grow two new plants, he doesn't plan anywhere above the level of where to ride to for the day, which inn to take to spend the night, or what bloody coat to wear to maybe freeze a little less in the bloody Northern cold.

Jaime gave up every plan he had, and is now planning from one day to the next.

Little steps, so that in case he falls, he doesn't fall too deep.

So no, he didn't plan on this. And Jaime reckons Brienne didn't either.

For that the shocked grimace on her homely face was just too priceless that he had to laugh once, only to quickly apologize, so the wench wouldn't take it the wrong way.

Because she always does.

On their way through the bloody North, for reasons that are somehow past his comprehension, settled somewhere deep in the pit of his stomach, this awful feeling of what Brienne holds on with so much passion " of doing the right thing " this" just _happened_.

So no, he didn't plan on it that they couldn't push further for the day thanks to a massive snow storm. He didn't plan on spending his evening with the wench in the stuffed common room, watching a bunch of men dancing out of rhythm, and hearing them singing out of tune, too. He didn't plan on finding himself listening to the wench's talking, let alone expect it.

Because usually she keeps her thick jaw set, only speaks if she is asked, or curses at him for whatever it may be, but Jaime never had her initiate a topic, talk for minutes, in fact he's never really had such a lively conversation with her.

It's not that they got really drunk " Brienne has way too much self-control for that, and Jaime knows by now that living behind a curtain is not a smart decision if you want to come forward in any substantial way, so he only drank as much as it took to deafen the band of men with zero sense for rhythm, feel a little warmed inside, but no more. But two big cups of beer is apparently enough to loosen that woman's tongue enough to make her talk, or so he learned by now.

So no, he didn't plan on that. He didn't plan on hearing her stories, but far more importantly, he didn't plan on enjoying listening to her. Jaime expected to be bothered by her endless musing about her home isles, this magical place without sapphires except for the blue of its waters, or her even more endless musing about honor and chivalry, or Gods forbid, Renly.

But apparently, there was no Renly. No word about honor or chivalry. She talked about her father, about her childhood. Ser Goodwin and her fighting lessons. The first time she's managed to beat one of the boys who always mocked her. Her long since passed away siblings, even, though those came out more in a hushed little voice, barely carrying above the sounds of the crowd. How she doesn't remember her mother " like he doesn't. She talked about her journey a bit, in search for Sansa, too, if not much, the wounds still too fresh on both her mind and her body.

He didn't plan on finding her stories amusing, or to find out that Brienne can be, Gods forbid, sarcastic if not _humorous_. He surely had his fun at her expenses in the past, but he never thought that she was even capable of being amusing for the sake of what she says or how she says it " to the point that even _she_ has to smile.

And Jaime certainly wasn't prepared for that either " for her to _smile_.

It was an odd moment, really. He can't even remember what exactly she

said, some anecdote about knightly life in the camps, but he had to snort into his drink to contain the laughter, not expecting the sarcastic tone it came with, and there she was, smiling for the first time he ever got to see it.

It was no pretty smile, to be sure. It didn't transform her into a shining beauty. And the moment it dawned on Brienne that she had just laughed, she had the beer to her lips, chugging down almost half of the cup, growing redder and redder to the point that her freckles seemed like little red comets, glowing in the night. Jaime had to contain himself hard not to laugh, looking at Brienne, waiting for her to put down the cup, waiting for her to realize that he was waiting for her to put it down.

He didn't plan on saying out loud that she should smile more often "because it looked better on her than the solemn face she usually sports, but still he did, just like he didn't expect her to get it right for once, or not take offense in it, should he rather say?

He didn't plan on the shy smile that came with it, and how he had to turn the conversation to something else to spare her, or rather that he simply did instead of making her squirm and grow uncomfortable, to be sure that the light tune carried on.

To be sure that the conversation didn't die out, wasn't blown out like a candle "and Jaime surely didn't expect to find himself trying to hold on to that candle, by no means, no, no, no.

He didn't plan on enjoying himself as much as he did that very evening, in an inn stinking of beer, sweat, damp wood, and mold. He didn't expect to hear Brienne's silent voice above all the loud singing and shouting. He didn't expect his entire focus to shift to her, without forgetting where he was.

He didn't expect to really enjoy her company for once, without hurt feelings, without the constant questions of what will be, of honor, of Cersei, Renly, Catelyn and her children, of their statuses as the Kingslayer or the Kingslayer's Whore, of Lady Stoneheart and the Brotherhood without Banners, the Hound, or young Podrick and Ser Hyle, Brienne's unadmitted pain for having left the lad on Quiet Isle to know him safe, and Jaime's utter relief for knowing Ser Hyle out of both their company, of what was and may never be again.

While he knew the question would be there the next morning, and the morning after, and every other day to come, and that they were there even at this very moment, he was just thankful to find a moment of joy without forgetting these things, but enjoying the moment _despite_ of them looming above them.

He didn't expect to find a strange kind of joy within the reality they live in.

Jaime didn't plan on keeping up this light mood as they made their way upstairs into their room. If he ever had a plan, it was about having a few drinks, be fed up with Brienne's constant complaining about how it didn't go fast enough, her musing about honor and chivalry, and being angry at him for messing up this and that, for saying this and that, going to bed early, likely having the wench huff next to him as he drifted off to dreamless sleep.

That's what he expected.

He didn't expect to be chatting as he went upstairs with her trotting after him, though.

He didn't plan on finding himself making no japes at her expenses, really, but simply the kinds of comments that made her smile, or even better, laugh. _Well_, and a few lewd ones, because seeing her pout and blush is just too hilarious after all.

He didn't plan on the moment it hit him that this was the first evening in a long time that he had simply enjoyed himself, without a bitter taste in his mouth.

He didn't expect to find himself looking at her as she stripped out of her jerkin to get ready for the night, as she had many nights, as he had many nights for his own jerkin. He didn't plan on _seeing_ or to intentionally keep looking, swallowing thickly.

Because she was and is still no beauty, and won't ever be.

Because she still has way too many scars on freckled skin, some of which still force phantom pains down his body in the same fashion his missing hand still does from time to time, especially the ones she's earned thanks to him. When Brienne wears her usual attire, he doesn't see it much, except for the now fading rose and lilac marring the side of her cheek, where that monster of a man had taken a piece of her flesh.

She rarely talks about it, and even if she does, it's mere snippets and pieces, spoken words that fall out of her mouth, but drop to the floor instantly, the same thing being true for what happened with Lady Stoneheart. The words drop to the ground, and disperse into invisible smoke.

The only thing Jaime noticed was that Brienne stared at a looking glass more than once, if in all secret, just like he found her touching her scarred cheek when she thought he wasn't looking, especially once she laid down to go to sleep, a brief moment, without a single sound except for that one sharp intake of air, almost not audible, and some nights, something Jaime identified as a muffled cry buried in her pillow. Other than that, she'd never let on that the scars do indeed affect her.

Jaime didn't plan on looking, he really didn't. He didn't plan on the atmosphere to suddenly change, to shift, as though the music from the common room just suddenly faded away, leaving nothing but silence, their breaths as the only sound in the world. He didn't plan on getting up. Approaching. Stepping behind her. Touching her shoulder.

Jaime expected her startle up, to gasp, and try to flee like the mouse from the cat, well, a _giant_ mouse and a lion, to be exact, because that is Brienne's very nature, but he didn't expect himself to stalk after her, his steps confident when his mind was not, didn't expect himself to grasp her shoulder and _hold on_ this time, make her turn to him, huge eyes exploding in the dim light of the candle on the nightstand in a million shades of blue.

He didn't expect himself to find that bit of beauty in her eyes, and

perceive it as such.

He didn't expect himself to say it.

To actually say it out loud.

"You have beautiful eyes, Brienne."

To press his lips to hers before she could say anything in return, to object, call him a liar, take it for a jape, a joke, an untruth.

He didn't plan on it, he really didn't.

He didn't plan on holding her close, press her flat chest against his, touch her muscular, scarred neck with his still not too well trained left, or pressing his stump in the almost not existing curve of her thick hip.

He didn't believe it possible, to be honest.

Jaime thought it was all over for him anyways, that after Cersei there was nothing else but that bloody mission of honor, or at least a meager snippet of it.

He thought it'd feel unpleasant to kiss chapped, broad lips, touch the small and big welts of healing skin, like withered roses and lilacs.

But it wasn't.

It still isn't.

And still, it is unplanned.

Just like it is unplanned when Brienne pulls away from him, cold air taking place where a warm mouth was pressed to his mere moments before, and Jaime didn't intend on missing it at once.

"What? what are you? W, why? Ser, I mean," she stutters helplessly, looking at him with her eyes even wider than before, which Jaime thought was impossible until this very moment.

Jaime, not knowing an answer, simply pulls her close again, deepens the kiss, closes the distance, for a moment almost amused at the fact that he always thought that it'd be a difficult task to move in such a way with a woman as tall as Brienne, but suddenly she seems so small, at just the right height, in fact, and that surely comes unexpected, too.

His hand wanders up to the side of her face to cup her cheek, but that is when she almost jumps away from him, if not for Jaime's arm looped around her waist to somehow keep her in place, to keep her from

To keep her close to him

Gods be good.

"No, I You mustn't, we mustn't. This is you are drunk," she

stutters.

"Why mustn't we?" he argues with the smallest of smiles creeping up his own chapped lips. "And in this one thing you can trust me â€" I'd need a lot more beer to be anything close to drunk."

"Why else would you do such a thing?" she breathes raggedly.

"Why not?"

Her broad shoulders drop at once, her body curling in on itself while standing upright.

"I don't need your pity, or worse, your mockery, Ser," she tells him defensively, withdrawing.

Of course she had to take that the wrong wayâ€¦ Jaime should have known.

"Why do you always think that I mean things in mockery?" he exhales. She wrinkles her nose at him, "Perhaps because it usually is?"

That takes Jaime by surprise, even if he rationally knows that it shouldn't, for she has the right of it that most of what he saysâ€¦ _tends in that direction_, let's say. And he is even more surprised by the fact that she says it to him, in such a fashion.

"This is not meant to mock you," he finds himself say with a kind of sincerity he rarely used on Brienne thus far, and the apparent surprise perfectly mirrors in her homely face as she stares at him with wide eyes.

"Then why?" she asks again, almost begging this time.

"You want an honest reply?"

"Yes."

"I don't know why," Jaime says, his eyes fixed on hers. This time, he expects the shocked expression, and the pull of pain that comes with it, but he holds on even when she tries to pull away. "I just know _that_ Iâ€¦ I know _that_ I want you. I don't know why, that's all I can say to you without delivering some untruth with it."

"Y, youâ€¦ what?" she frowns at him, uncomprehending.

Surely the first time in her life that she's heard someone say it, Jaime reminds himself almost bitterly.

"Want you."

And Jaime didn't plan on wanting her.

"Need you."

And he most certainly didn't plan on needing her.

Or becoming conscious of it at a moment like this, a thousand miles from the place he once called home, in a part of Westeros he only knows in passing at best, with a woman who is anything but Cersei, no

pleasure for the eye except for her own eyes, a woman whose past he barely knows except for some anecdotes, snippets and pieces, a woman he only knows for what he got to see of her, got to hear from her, a woman he learned to appreciate long before he was ready to admit to himself, a woman who saved him, and sacrificed so much more for him than most other people, a woman he knows he respects, a woman he knows he admiresâ€|

â€| but isn't that enough?

Isn't that in fact what shouldâ€| matter?

Brienne just keeps staring at him, perplex.

And again, Jaime doesn't plan, he just lets this moment happen. He pulls her to him, buries his left in the nape of her muscular neck to pull her lips to his, kisses her with a kind of passion he never felt this way before.

Warm, hot, indeed, but not burning, the way he's known it with Cersei.

He pulls her with him, a strange kind of dance, perfectly out of tune and rhythm, just four feet shuffling across the wooden floor, over to the bed, both of them dropping down rather clumsily.

She gasps into his mouth when he snakes his hand under her linen shirt, and Jaime is about as shocked as he is amused at the realization that Brienne is far better a kisser than he believed her to be. He already feared to lose his front teeth once their mouths collided, but she is surprisingly soft in her touches, uncertain, of course, but not rough by any means, with a kind of subtlety and tenderness Jaime only vaguely recalls to have glimpsed upon back in the bath in Harrenhal. Just like she is not surprisingly warm against him, but so comfortably warm that it still takes his breath away and he hisses, sucking her mouth back to his, his calloused fingertips testing her midsection, only to feel gooseflesh which is now her skin, shuddering against him.

And Jaime never planned on enjoying that sensation by any means, and stillâ€| he does.

"Jaime?"

He lets out a small sigh, leaving his mouth in the juncture of shoulder and neck, "Yes?"

"Don't youâ€| don't you think it unwise? I mean, you and Iâ€| it'sâ€| with what's ahead of usâ€|," she mutters helplessly, her thoughts surely about as jumbled as his.

Because, so he is sure, Brienne didn't plan on any of this either.

"I don't want to think of what's too far ahead," he breathes against her neck, only making her shudder again. "Just like wisdom was never an attribute I accounted to myself in the first place."

"Butâ€| "

"In fact, there's just one question, and you have to answer me," Jaime says with a sly smile as he pulls away from her neck, her eyes instantly searching his, clashing, embracing, blue fading into blue, sapphires falling into emeralds.

"What? I was asking youâ€|"

"Do you want this?"

"Me?"

"Is there someone else I would ask this question at this moment?" he huffs, amused. "This is important, Brienne. Do you want this â€" or not?"

She blinks at him, with an expression Jaime cannot tell apart, an odd mixture of embarrassment, surprise, shock, and something he absolutely cannot put.

"What if I said 'no'?" she asks at last, her jaws barely moving apart.

"Then this would stop."

She swallows, once, twice, her throat rising and falling like a wave.

"And what if I said 'yes'?"

"Then I'd go on â€" and there'd hardly be any stopping for me," Jaime grins.

And really, he can't remember when he's smiled like that in such a situation, when it wasn't so overly heated that it burned his skin, when it wasn't absolutely serious, dangerous, secretive.

If someone walked in on them right nowâ€| it'd be awkward, for sure.

Brienne would be furious and embarrassed, most certainly.

But other than thatâ€| no one would care.

No one knows them here. They are just two odd people from the South, no more, no less.

It could well settle into reality, build its nest, and not be threatened by any sort of predator.

And that really takes him by surprise.

Because these things could potentially go unplannedâ€| and no one would botherâ€| no one would judgeâ€|

No escape.

No running away.

It's not needed.

"But it's up to you. I reckon you know what a 'yes' would entail," he adds. And for a moment, he fears that she will pull away, growing conscious of the implication of this, but before it can morph into an actual fear, he finds warmth pressed against his lips again, pulling him closer, and his body happily moves along.

"Are you certain?" he asks, breathlessly, searching her sapphire blue eyes once more.

Because of that he has to be certain, of that she has to be certain.

Because, no matter the surge of passion in his body, he wouldn't dare risk the reality of not being alone on the way up North for a single moment for himself.

He is done trying to steal moments.

Jaime wants to enjoy more than moments, every single moment, indeed.

"No," she says truthfully, her lips curling uncertainly, swallowing thickly.

"But I— I want— I need— you— too— Jaime."

He presses his lips to the corner of her mouth gently, his hand back to exploration of the valleys and hills which are her body. He runs his longer fingers over her roughspun breeches, starts to pull on them, only to let a huff of frustration, "I suppose I need a little help with pulling these down. With one hand, that's always a little difficult."

The blush on her freckled cheeks is almost as priceless as is the fact that she doesn't object, but instead undoes the laces and pulls them down slightly, enough for Jaime to go on with his journey over her rough-edged body.

A body that is a weapon.

At some point he should really consider it a fortune that Brienne doesn't know better, because his touches are anything but smooth, very clumsy indeed. While he is much swifter with a sword now, he is still nowhere close to where he was with his right when it comes to nuanced, small touches, the ones that spoke of delicacy. But Brienne responds to every of his touches as though they were a feather's brush, as though they were as smooth as silk, when in fact it's just some clumsy pressing of calloused fingertips on gooseflesh.

He stops at every scar his fingertips can feel rising out of her gooseflesh-like skin, only to feel her squirming again as he starts to trace the marks with his fingers, brushing over the withered roses and lilacs.

"Why are you—?" she croaks, the words catching in her throat.

"Just getting to know the terrain a bit better," he smirks, playfully swiping his jaw over her collarbone, gaining more confidence.

"But those areâ€¦"

She hesitates.

He doesn't.

"_Scars_, I know, but they belong to you. And some of them I know belong to me already," he breathes into her neck as his hand travels to her thigh, where he cut her back by the bridge, when he still had his right hand, when he was in chains, when he didn't know her at all, and to tell the truth, hated her about as much as she must have hated him.

Yet another flower that doesn't grow the way you'd think, a red blossom that faded into a lilac rose by now.

His hand travels up to the side of her face again, brushing the back of it over her scarred cheek, offering a gentle, soft, sad smile.

"And some of them that will belong to me soon."

"Why would you want to own one of my scars?"

"I told you. They belong to you. They are a part of you. And if I want you, then so I want all of your scars."

He brings his lips back down on hers, relishing the quiver wrecking her entire being as she presses against him.

Like metal jumps to the heavy hammer in the armory.

He didn't plan on a wet-cold sensation against his cheeks, though. Jaime curls his lips into a slight frown at the sensation, but then understands that a few tears roll down her cheeks now, pressing against his. Jaime doesn't comment, however, simply keeps kissing her, his left thumb swiping over her scarred cheek.

He never expected her to grasp his useless little stump, not pretending as though it was a hand, simply seeking contact, no more, no less.

He never expected to see her so very vulnerable, so honestly vulnerable.

Indeed, he never saw something so well balanced between strength and fragility, and that all combined and forged together within this mannish body.

Jaime breathes into her, soaks up her warmth through his skin, allows her to pull him close to her, to the point that there is no inch between them, no distance.

There is a moment of surprise on her face once she feels him really pressing against her.

A small gasp, a short laugh.

"Last chance."

"I won't back down unless you do."

"Now, is that a challenge, Brienne?"

"â€¦ Isn't it always?"

Jaime chuckles as he buries his face in her neck again, glad to find her chest rising and falling along with his, a smirk tugging at her broad lips as well.

What follows is more of a blur, a collage of touches on either person's skins, an unknown journey passing over and through their bodies.

Nothing is planned.

One step after the other.

Stopping, making sure of the other, that is the only plan, if there even is.

The first move into her is a moment that makes Jaime about as anxious as it must make Brienne, fearing not only for her to suffer pain, but also that it might be the exact moment to break apart, that she'd break away from him, but once he moves into her, he holds on, holds on to her, kisses her to the point of frenzy, if not further â€" and she holds on to him as well.

They lock. Their eyes. Their bodies. Their minds.

He can see all of her, and Jaime looks at everything of her.

No beauty. Horsey teeth. Straw-like hair. Thick of waist. Flat-chested. Broad shoulders. And no less did he expect.

But he didn't expect to be enchanted by this view nevertheless, to be enchanted by her not very enchanting character, yet, here he is, holding on to her, holding on for dear life itself, not wanting to think of the possibility to let go at this moment.

Because he does want.

Because he does need.

Desperately.

More than desperately.

He didn't plan on needing someone else ever again. He didn't plan on finding something in the likes of Brienne of Tarth, butâ€¦

He did.

He does.

"Move, please."

And so he does.

And so she does.

Jaime doesn't close his eyes for more than a few seconds, focusing his gaze on her, taking her in, taking the room in, the bed, the texture of the bedsheets against knees and arms, the heated gooseflesh which is Brienne's freckled skin, the sweat, the dim candlelight flickering behind them, her blue eyes exploding again and again, varying between shades of blue and green in the light of the candle, he takes it all in, drinks in reality itself, for what it is, for what she is, and for what he is.

Unplanned, but still real.

Unplanned, but still here.

No escape, no running away.

No hiding.

On an unknown journey between themselves.

The only thing certain thus far being each other's finishing line.

"Jaime."

"Brienne."

Stumbling past the line together, not letting go, no matter how bumpy the road behind or ahead of them.

No plan.

No expectation.

Jaime rolls off of her to lie down next to Brienne, pulling her closer to himself, absorbing her heat into his body like a lion lies in the sun to warm its fur, except for the fact that there is no sun to be seen on the horizon, and that they are still in the bitter cold of the North.

"Soâ€¦ m'lady, was it what you expected it to be?" he sighs with a soft smile tugging at his lips.

"Not at all," she replies sheepishly.

"Then what else did you expect of it?"

"Nothing else. I expectedâ€¦ lessâ€¦ I meanâ€¦ it'sâ€¦ I never thoughtâ€¦ I thought it'd be just pain, as my Septa's always told me, but it wasn't, at all. It wasâ€¦ I don't know. I'm no good with words."

He simply pulls her into a kiss, soft and long.

A small journey.

"To me, that's all there is to say about it, don't you agree?"

She nods her head hurriedly, making Jaime chuckle. Brienne lets out

an embarrassed huff as she pulls the blanket over her mouth, but Jaime pulls it down with his index finger to bring forth her homely face again, sporting a playful smile, "Now, now. No hiding."

"This is embarrassing."

"No. Hiding," he suddenly says with a kind of sincerity that catches Jaime himself off-guard once more. "Don't hide from me, can we agree on that?"

"I'm not pretty to look at," she argues. "I know that."

"Brienne, I am aware of that circumstance. That doesn't mean I can't bear looking at you."

"Back when we reached King's Landing, you said something else," she reminds him, to which Jaime rolls his eyes, "That was a jape, no more."

"But it's the truth."

"I have scars, you have scars. We both miss pieces of flesh. This connects us. That'sâ€¦ that's good, I guess."

And really, it suddenly is.

Something to connect them.

Scars he bears for her.

Scars she bears for him.

"You mean that."

"I mean that, yes. Soâ€¦ don't hide from me. I don't want you to lose yourselfâ€¦ in yourself. Or else I have to come rescue you again. I've done that often enough by now. And I will warn you," he grins, pulling her closer to him. "I have a number of ways to lure you back out, and after what we just did, I have a couple more."

Brienne takes a moment to let that sink in, but then flashes the smallest of smiles, a smile that's suddenly almost sweet, or in fact very sweet, "I'd rather get lost in you."

He grins at her, finding her words a soothing ointment on his still heated skin.

Soothing ointment for his soul.

And thinking about it, that is the kind of getting lost he could get used to indeed.

Getting lost in her gaze is already pretty alluring. The idea of getting lost in all of her is even more â€" because this is still real, and he can make sure she's never gone far.

So no, Jaime never planned on this.

And what will become of it, he doesn't know.

However, right at this moment, he knows he is not on the wrong path, so he will walk it for as long as time grants them, using the time he is granted, and hopefully for good for once.

"Brienne?"

"Hm?" she sighs, looking at him with a small frown once she sees the sly grin creeping up his lips.

And suddenly, there is a plan.

"I want to do that again, soon."

"Jaime!" she cries out, hitting him in the arm slightly for her standards.

"What? You can't feed a lion once, and not expect him to want more."

"Stop saying these things."

It seems so easy now.

"I could say much worse things."

As though it was a path he's already travelled, though he knows he did not.

"Don't you dare!"

A strange kind of familiarity.

"Oh, I will dare, trust me in this."

A familiarity that comes from within.

"I will hit you if you don't quit it."

A familiarity that comes from getting lost within another person.

"I find that pretty alluring, actually."

But not too far, not out of reach.

"Jaime!"

Because she is only a few steps behind.

He simply pulls her close to him, surprised for a moment how well she fits into the space his body creates, the height difference no longer really mattering now that they lie face to face.

For she got lost in him.

She huffs once, twice, but then starts to ease against him, and he eases back against her, a feeling he has never really known, staying with someone after this act instead of stealing away â€" because neither one has to hide, he reminds himself.

Finding unfamiliar paths together.

"Maybe it was fortune that we got lost together."

This wasn't planned.

"Maybe it was fortune that we stopped getting lost once we found each other."

Yet, here they are.

Taking one step after the other.

Planning an unplanned future in small.

Finding a goal in each other.

Finding a travel companion in each other.

Finding in each other something true.

Something real.

End
file.